WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY

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From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Busy Idlers.

Some of those who seem the busiest men are in fact the worst of idlers. Take the political Idler, always posted up with the latest news from Washington, his busy brain ever speculating as to all possible results of a nomination or an election, magnifying and combining the slightest breath of rumor into every form of party falsehood. His thoughts travel swifter than the magnetic telegraph, and he is always hurrying off from one caucus to another, with hardly time to whisper the latest intelligence in the ear of a friend as he passes. He wipes the perspiration from his forehead with one hand as he takes you by the buttonhole with the other, being at once the busiest man and greatest idler you shall meet in any street in the city.

Then there is the Professional Idler—the student who sits in his office all day long, with the books of his profession open before him, turning over the pages, while a thousand thoughts pass through his brain, yet ignorant of the first principles of his profession and hardly acquainted with the contents of the last page he had read.

There are, too, certain would-be literary ladies of this class, who botanize for enough to understand the language of flowers, and study history indefatigably through Walter Scott's novels, and cultivate imagination through Bulwer, and study character by the aid of the Thackeray and Dickens; who attend every literary and scientific lecture with double eye and opera glasses, being, like all other literary persons, short sighted through much reading.

Then, there is the Moral and Religious Idler, "working not at all, but a busy body." He is present at every possible religious meeting, knows the name and face of every D. D. in the city, and can tell you the popular estimation in which each is held. He is at every Temperance, Anti Slavery, and Moral reform meeting. He has a kind of omnipresence at the time of the spring anniversaries, is posted up as to the controversies of Missionary and Bible societies, and knows more about them than the secretaries; yet none appreciate his zeal. He thinks it because he is poor; but it is in fact because all his zeal is but a busy laziness. He is ever soaking up excitement, just as a sponge soaks up water.

Now, these all seem very respectable and industrious people, but what are they in reality?—Idlers; for what is idleness but making relaxation the business instead of the recreation of life? Recreation is good, relaxation is necessary, and the bow, to retain its elasticity, must be at times unbent, but the idler is the man who keeps it always unbent, or bends it only for show; and to unbend again.

Every man rich or poor, ought to have some great absorbing purpose, some active engagement to which his main energies are devoted. Not enjoyment, but duty, daily duty, must be the aim of each life. No man has a right to live upon this fair earth, to breathe its fair air, to consume its food, to enjoy its beauties, producing nothing in return. He has no right to enjoy the blessings of civilization, of society and of civil liberty without contributing earnest and self-denying labor of head or heart or hand to the welfare of mankind. Certainly no man can be truly religious who makes gratification, as distinct from self-denying exertion, the great object of life, and the idler puts pleasure exactly in the place of duty.

This principle of life once admitted, however manifested, will produce daily deterioration of character, until thoroughly abandoned. Every body appetite, every mental fancy, every momentary fashion will clamor till indulged. The body will be pampered, appetite will lead on to gluttony, wine to drunkenness, luxury to every evil indulgence, while the mind, excited only by novelties and enfeebled by the lack of continual exertion, sinks into utter vapidity and uselessness. There is more hope of the reformation of the worst sinner than of the idler. Poverty will sometimes scourge to vice of idleness out of a man; but the love of a higher and better mode of life, if once tasted, is the chief hope.

Fruit as an Article of Food.

Were we of the South, to cultivate and use fruit more as a standard article of food, instead of eating it indiscriminately between meals, we should be all healthier people. We consume too much meat at our meals, neglecting the fruits which a beneficent Providence has blessed us with. Were we to breakfast on milk or coffee, with figs and nutmeg or christina melons, dine on such meats as the taste or purse will permit, with vegetables to match, and a dessert of water melon grapes, apples, pears, peaches, &c., and sup on a cup of aromatic tea, with strawberries and cream we might dispense with the pastry cook, and the Doctor, provided we would eat no fruit between meals. It is not a little astonishing, that with the immese amount of fruit produced at the South, it does not diminish the consumption of meat and bread. There is no doubt but that the summers of the South would be the healthiest portion of the year, were we only to use fruit as a necessary article of food. When we say fruit, we do not mean the trash that stand for weeks on the trucksters stalls of the cities; but that which is picked fresh every morning, from our own vines and trees.—Most of our fruits abound in sugar, which is nourishing, cooling and healthy, whilst the meats consumed, abound in oil, which is heating, stimulating, and predisposing to fevers. Some of the healthiest people in the world live in the tropical regions, whose breakfast consist of oranges, pine apples, figs or bananas—dinner of melons and raisins—supper of dried fruits with tea or coffee.—They have learned to adopt their food to the climate and the wise provisions of Providence, and when we do the same we shall be a healthier people.—*Soil of the South.*

A CURIOSITY.—The man who discontinues his paper, sends for the bill, remits the money incloses a postage stamp to pay for the return of the receipt, and does not grumble. A man like that must be a gentleman. We have had one such recently.—*Camden Journal.*

CHARLOTTE:

FRIDAY MORNING, August 10, 1855.

☞ W. S. LAWTON & CO., (South Atlantic Wharf,) are our authorized agents in Charleston, S. C., and are duly empowered to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the rates required by us, and grant receipts.

FOR PRESIDENT,

IN 1856:

HON. HENRY A. WISE,

OF VIRGINIA.

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT!

Old Mecklenburg Right Side Up!!!

The following is the official vote given in this county for the members of Congress:

	1855. Craige.	1855. Stowe.	1853. Craige.	1853. Osborne.
Charlotte,	539	335	375	231
Providence,	57	42	77	52
Steel Creek,	46	80	49	84
McLeary's,	30	9	41	8
Long Creek,	19	79	15	68
Dowerse's,	86	94	87	80
Hill's,	50	30	43	35
Harrisburg,	16	54	25	58
Hart's,	145	5	161	20
Ray's,	78	22		
			873	686
	1075	750	686	
	750			
		C's maj.	187	
Craige's maj.	325			

Official Vote—7th District.

	Craige.	Stowe.
Union,	770	250.
Cleavland,	893	116.
Lincoln,	626	200.
Rowan,	957	584.
Anson,	240	637.
Mecklenburg,	1075	759.
Cabarrus,	389	636.
Stanly,	106	620.
Gaston,	795	211.
Catawba,	894	91.
	6744	4104.
	4104	
Craige's majority	2640	

Election.

The battle is fought and the smoke has cleared away sufficiently to enable us to count the dead and wounded. The Democracy has come out of the contest with flying colors. We, all along, had an abiding confidence in the intelligence and patriotism of our fellow citizens, and believed that the monster Know-Nothing, "the ubiquitous Sam" would meet, as he deserved to do, with a Waterloo defeat. Craige is elected by an overwhelming majority—even larger than his most sanguine friends anticipated. It is a compliment that his fidelity, sound Democratic principles, and lofty statesmanship eminently merited at the hands of the intelligent voters of this District.

We are not disposed to rejoice over the downfall of a gallant adversary, but in a struggle maintained under circumstances that characterized the one just closed, we hope we will be pardoned for saying that the Democracy has achieved a triumph that will gladden the hearts of the friends of Republicanism all the world over.

We had a wily and insidious foe to deal with—one that bushed it in every corner of the District, making the most powerful appeals to the cupidity of some, the fears and fanaticism of others. The dark hours of the night were selected for their work, and in spite of all their efforts the "unterrified" Democracy not only gained the day but nearly increased their majority tenfold. Among the peans the elogiac we are sorry to say finds ample room—No great victory ever was won without the fall of some gallant chieftain.

The chivalrous Shaw and the incorruptible Kerr are among the defeated. We have held our own in the State, but tears of regret must mingle with our shouts of rejoicing. Dr. H. M. Shaw, whose fame and brilliant talents are a part of the treasure of Democracy, has been beaten. The District was Whig but owing to his popularity and the great confidence reposed in him by his constituency we had hoped to see him returned. And Kerr because he (though a Whig) had the honesty and patriotism to oppose the dark dealings of the secret order has been sacrificed to make room for Reade, who boasted he "had the free-soilers on his side," that accounts for his immense majority in old free-soil Guilford. In our next we will be able to give full returns from the whole State. Enough is known to state that Winslow, Ruffin, Branch, Craige, and Clingman are elected.

☞ We ask attention to the card of J. B. Kerr, Esq. This Hotel, situated in the heart of town, sufficiently near to business, yet removed from the dust and noise, has lately had considerable addition and repairs, and is now one of the most comfortably arranged and best kept public houses in the State. Those who have partaken of the hospitality of the Major will never pass him by—while those who appreciate a cool, shady promenade under his 100 feet piazza, a bountiful table of well prepared viands, neat bed rooms, and every attention that an obliging landlord can bestow, will find it at the Charlotte Hotel.

The Riot at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, August 7.

The riots in this city were attended with many horrible scenes and great loss of life—no less than twenty persons were killed and twelve houses burnt. Of the killed, three were Americans and the balance Irish. One Irishman, as before stated, was hung, and parts of bodies were drawn from the ruins of burnt buildings. Intense excitement and great exasperation continues to prevail.

The returns from the State continue to be favorable to the Americans, who have undoubtedly elected all their candidates.

Alabama Election.

MONTGOMERY, August 8.

The returns as far a received defy all calculation, and it is impossible to say who is elected Governor.

The Know Nothing majority in fifteen counties is 959. Dowdell, Dem., is elected to Congress in the 3 district by 300 majority.

For the Democrat.

Weep not for the departed, when they have gone to rest. This has been a peculiar season in many respects, but most especially with regard to sickness. Many homes have been made desolate by the departure of loved and cherished ones from Time into Eternity. The parent, brother, sister, and friend, have experienced sad losses, and their hearts have been nearly crushed, by the weight of affliction and sorrow; but to those who love God, there is peace; there is joy in the deepest affliction. Yes,

There is a star ne'er fails to shine
In Heaven, for those who will
In Faith look up to the living God,
And follow His footsteps still.

What can calm the father's aching heart, but the knowledge that his child has gone to rest? That however bright earthly prospects may appear; however light the heart, and bow the hopes of youth; these, yes, alll these can be cheerfully given up by the child of God when He calls; and though we think it hard, that those near and dear to us, should be called away in the spring-time of life, yet God governs with justice and love, and we must submit. Do we not feel a link has been taken from the chain of friendship, chords which bound fond hearts together broken, irretrievably broken? Yes, a short time ago, we were rejoicing over the return of a long absent one; our hearts were glad our hopes were high; but God hath visited our band, and taken that loved one to himself. O, it is painful, but should we weep? No! Parent, sister, relative, and friend, rejoice. The loved one is at rest. Earthly happiness bears no comparison with Heavenly bliss; sorrows are passed, and eternal joys are present; the last tear has been shed, and celestial smiles prevail. Then let us rejoice, rather than lament, for though she is lost to us here, we *can* meet her hereafter; it is a *privilege granted to us all*

The fairest flowers soonest pass away. Earth smiles to-day, but Heaven may require her blossoms to-morrow.

EFFECTS OF RAILROADS ON LANDS.—The effect of railroads upon the value of farming lands is a question much canvassed in the Western States. The St. Louis Democrat says:

The official tax statistics of Michigan show that, through those counties where railroads have been built, the taxable property has, within three years, increased 400 to 500 per cent., while in those counties where no railroads have been built, the ratio of increase in value, has not been over one hundred. In drafting their schedules for the prices of lands, we find, too, that the Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad have come far short in estimating the value of their lands, for the road, has caused the demand to be so great for them, that they are now bringing a large price above the minimum at which they were rated. In some instances, lands that were rated at $12 per acre, are selling for $20, and others rated at $20, are selling $25. Railroads, especially where they course through rich sections of country, not only augment the prices of lands, but they do more, they promote social intercourse, build up cities, augment the population of villages, and the farmer, having a cheap outlet to market for his products, plants fourfold what he did before the railroad was established, and his increased activity and industry is rewarded by large surplus gains, where before he had none.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, made a public speech in that State a short time since in which he thus alluded to the "old Revolutionary Commodore."

"It is a fact worth naming here that the first ship-of-war which sailed from our shores—the Alfred—left Walnut street wharf, Philadelphia, in February, 1776—I mean, sir, the first ship over which floated an American flag. John Paul Jones a Scotchman, and as gallant a man as ever looked into the deep sea, or gazed on the eagle's nest high up in the tops of the mountain, with his own hand raised this, the first American flag that ever floated over an American vessel. [Applause.] That flag was a yellow silk flag, with a pine tree indicative of our country, and a rattlesnade uncoiled underneath, with that thrilling motto, which he know so well how to carry out, "Don't tread on me, my stroke is death." [Applause.] First among the list of lieutenants in the American navy, appointed there on the recommendation of Gen. Hugh Mercer, of Virginia, and on the motion of Richard Henry Lee, is that same Jones, then a foreigner. He went to his duty faithfully, from one ship to another he passed. Whenever he went, he was terror to our enemies, and a source of great joy to our country. He was a universal terror to the foes of freedom, and when the Star Spangled Banner was adopted as our national flag, that same Paul Jones, still a Scotchman, but yet a true American, on the Ranger, raised the first American flag, with his own hands over that vessel, twice sealing his fidelity to the country of his adoption."

IODINE.—Iodine derives its name from *iodos*, a Greek word, signifying violet colored; but the transcendant beauty of the color of its vapor requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little Iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapor, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident 40 years ago. At that period chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humprey Davy. So singular a substance as Iodine, was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a puzzle map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature, but in this he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in.

Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea furnishes an almost inexhaustible supply of Iodine. All the fish, the shells, the sponges and weeds of the ocean yield it in passing through the chemical sives.—Whatever be the food of seaweeds, it is certain that Iodine forms a portion of their banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn when Iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea islands would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world, but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the Iodine from the briny wave and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease called goitre, or cretinism, for this malady Iodine is a perfect cure. Go and have your portrait painted "as you are." Photography tells the whole truth without flattery; and the colors used in the process are only silver and Iodine.—*Scientific American.*

ATTACK BY CATTLE UPON A RED WAGON.—Extract from one of Col. Claiborne's letters from the pine woods of Mississippi, published in the New Orleans Delta:

"I set out for Augusta, bowling merrily along in a blood-red buggy. The road is beautiful, roofed over with trees and vies, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was only one drawback—the myriads of flies, of every species, that swarmed around, and ravenously cupped the blood from the ears, neck and flanks of my horse. It is what is appropriately called here 'fly time'—that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges have it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can venture in the woods with impunity. Now the cattle from a thousand hills, and ever the wild deer, seek the abodes of men, and huddle around some smoking pine, or stand in some open field to escape their periodical tormentors. On a sudden curve of the road, I found myself in one of these 'stamping grounds,' and a simultaneous roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger. It is well known that the Spanish matadores provoked the wounded bulls of the arena by flaunting the moleta or blood-red flag before them. It was the color of my equipage that excited this bellowing herd. They snuffed the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore up the earth with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The fierce phalanx blocked the road, and the part of discretion was to retreat. The moment I wheeled the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and their trampling feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward, frantic with terror, and on they plunged, on every side crushing down everything in their course, gorring and tumbling over each other, filling the woods with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the fearful chase.

The contest now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture I threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor, they paused to fight over it, and tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I tossed out a cushion; the infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and came rushing on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A monstrous oak, with a forked top, had fallen near the road, and into this I plunged my horse breast high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six discharges from a revolver; two bottles of Sewell Taylor's best were shivered in their faces; next, a cold turkey, and finally a bottle of Scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker. This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round scenting the blood that had been spilled, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp. I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until sunset, when they would disperse, as in "fly time" cattle graze at night. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle drivers, who, galloping up on shaggy but muscular horses, and with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the herd to their, "cow pens," for the purpose of marking and branding. This is done every year in "fly time." The cattle ranging, scattered, thirty miles round are now easily found, collected at their stamping grounds and are driven to a common pen or pound, where the respective owners assemble and put their marks and brands on the increase of the season. Thus this Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose."

AMERICAN SYMPATHY.—We wonder if those Americans who have so many grains of sympathy for England, and have grieved so much over the repulse of the Allies at Sebastopol, have any recollection of the exploits of the British army in the City of Washington, and along the shores of the Chesapeake, in 1814? The Russian war reveals no atrocities equalled in horror to those committed by that British army. The combined herd of English marines, savage negroes, and the crews of the ships and boats of the squadron advanced to their work of spoliation and of blood, of rapine and robbery. Admiral Malcolm, Admiral Coddington, (who afterward commanded when the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino) captain of the fleet in the Chesapeake, and Capt. Napier, the same who is now an Admiral, served in this British invasion. The infamous Cockburne and Cochrane were in command of the naval forces.—So monstrous were their deeds that one of the British officers, shocked at the spectacle, compared them to the atrocities which, in a barbarous age, marked the Danish invasion of England.—The burning of houses, the destruction of produce, the cutting off of all stragglers, the insult and outrage upon defenceless women, their choice pastimes on the Chesapeake, were fitly followed by those polished Britons, by the destruction of the Capitol and the President's House, and the firing of a vast amount of private property in the American Capitol. So shocked was the civilized world at this rapine and murder and incendiarism, that many distinguished Englishmen felt compelled to denounce it, among them McIntosh, the historian, who declared in parliament that the burning of Washington was a "success that made our naval power hateful to all Europe, which gave the hearts of the American people to every enemy who might rise against England; an enterprise which most exasperated a people, and least weakened a government of any recorded in the annals of war."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abushed as furnishing a license, for impoliteness. A husband, father, brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame, that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle, that the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life, to those not belonging to her own household.—The man, who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Springfield Republican.*

From Cape May—Bathing Scenes.

We make the following extract from the Cape May correspondence of the Baltimore American:

"The bathing ground at eleven o'clock in the morning resembles an immense masquerade, as it is difficult to distinguish the males from the females, so perfect is the transformation made by the variegated dresses. Husbands can scarcely recognize their wives when they join them in the water, or children their parents; the consequence is there is a general freedom from restraints, and all participate in the enjoyment with an *abandon* that contributes greatly to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the surf. The ladies are mostly accompanied by gentlemen who steady them in breakers, though many of them seem more able to stand the ocean's rudeness than their male companions. They are generally the first in the water and the last to leave it.

"I witnessed yesterday morning several sick persons, who were carried into the surf and held in the arms of their servants, being apparently unable to stand or walk. One old gentleman, suffering with the rheumatism, was carried down to the beach accompanied by a servant with spade in hand, who buried his limbs in the salt and, just inside of the breakers, where he lay for nearly an hour, with an umbrella over his head, being unable to stand the fury of the rushing waters. There were also a number of parents at an early hour in the morning with infant children, whom they took out in the surf in their arms; and the little ones seemed to enjoy it vastly. On the surf in front of the Atlantic and Columbia there could not have been less than three hundred children under nine years of age, rolling about on the beach inside of the breakers, mostly dressed in red, green or blue drawers, with jaunty straw hats, gaily trimmed with red flannel, adding much to the interest of the scene."

Ex-Govenor Reeder.

The removal of Gov. Reeder will give general satisfaction to all who desire the preservation of the Union, order and peace of the country. The course of the factionists and freesoilers, whose instrument he has been, in their efforts to set aside the clearly expressed will of an immense majority of the people, is most infamous. The plain design of these people is to prevent by violence or fraud, another slave State from being added to the Union. Beaten in the halls of Congress, and utterly routed at the polls, they vapor about Minie rifles and bowie knives. In Gov. Reeder they found a fitting instrument for the outrageous attempt to declare that a Legislature of Kansas, elected by a vast majority, had no legal existence.—The next step would have been rebellion against its authority, and civil war between the States.—Hence we rejoice that Reeder has been removed and hope that in his successor, Mr. Dawson, Kansas will have a Govenor capable of filling the position with honor and efficiency. The Ex-Govenor will now have an opportunity to devote his whole attention to those speculations in hand, to succeed in which he has availed himself with so much dignity and credit, of his executive position.

[*Richmond despatch.*

PHILOSOPHY AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—In the different squares of of our city, it is really distressing sometimes of an afternoon to witness the effect produced by nurses vying with each other in decorating their poor little infant charges so as to make them look genteel. Go to a fashionable watering place, and the case is worse; parents and sisters also feel their credit at stake, in producing the best dressed little responsibilities. In the country, properly so called, how different. There children are allowed to kick off shoes and stockings, if they please, in hot weather, and to run about at and where they choose. The effect is that they grow up robust and strong, with healthy bodies.

The effect of these city fashions, pushed to the extremes they are, upon health, is not easily to be estimated. A child, dressed up in fine cloths, cannot take proper hearty exercise. Its movements are all watched and constrained by the nurses. It never stirs without the fear of being scolded by some one for disarranging its curls or soiling its clean dress. How miserable all this restraint upon its freedom. Those ringlets so carefully arranged, what a source of misery and often sickness.—Long hair will absorb as much of a child's strength in a season as would give it an inch of growth.—Now it tickles the neck, now it increases the warmth, and now it is wet and gives the child a perpetual cold and sore throat. This fine dressing must be a source of countless irritations. The nurse acquires the habits of perpetually snapping, interfering, watching and checking all the free notions of childhood, and the little one learns to believe that to sit still, and take these lectures meekly, is the very essence of being a good child. Its spirit is broken in, and in becomes a docile suppliant, instead of a free, bold, and vigorous child. No wonder its cheek is pale, and the doctor is constantly needed, or that it grows up nervous, irritable and peevish.

The direct cost of all this is no trifle. It may gratify a parent's taste for the moment, gratify that kind of affection which loves to bestow costly tokens of regard, however useless or injurious, but where is the prudent mother who would not better show her kindness by creating little fund, and saving all these superfluous expense for its use at a future day. The extra cost of this curling, making and washing fine dresses of two such little ones, is not less than equal to the time of a maid servant, or $250 beyond what is requisite in attention for their best health and greatest. There are telegraph stock in the city where every $250 thus saved would increase in eight years to $625. The habits of infancy form the tastes of youth, and the passion for finery is easily cherished.—But what man of moderate means can afford to marry one of these young lillies of the valley, who toil not, neither do they spin, while arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon in his glory?

Life itself is often put in jeopardy by all this.—A thin, fine dress has given many a child the croup; a low bare neck has enlarged the tonsils, and contracted the chest of many a pretty little one. We ourselves have very lively recollections of childhood and aching feet, chilblains and innumerable other evils, through the thin, pretty, but light shoes into which the feet of our childhood were crammed, even in winter, on a Sunday, that we might appear respectable at church.

A child just beginninng to walk, climbs up to the top of a pair of stairs, step by step alone. Its feet get entangled in its dress, it pitches headlong down to the bottom, and its brain is injured for life; or it dies, and the father find the hopes and toils of a life frustrated. What has caused it?—Some feeble lace inserting at the bottom of its dress, through which its little foot has naturally caught, torn the lace and tripped it up. Would that father but take a penknife and cut away the whole of such dangerous finery, it would be no small kindness to the child, nurses to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN INTERESTING COUPLE.—There is a couple in Cincinnati, Ohio, who have been engaged to be married for the past five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Republican.

Air Line Rail Road.

There are two unoccupied routes for railroads in upper Georgia which cannot and should not remain much longer unoccupied by roads. One is from Atlanta or from some point on the State road between Atlanta and Marietta, or from some point on the Atlanta and LaGrange road to Jacksonville Atlanta, and thence to such point or points as shall intersect the great lines of railroads now being formed from Mobile and New Orleans to Cairo, Nashville, Louisville, and Cincinatti. The other route is from Atlanta, or from some point on the Georgia road between Atlanta and the Stone Mountain, to Anderson, South Carolina, and from thence to some convenient point on the Columbia and Charlotte Road. It is of this route we aim to speak in this article. Of this road there has been much talk in this section, but of which, so far as we are aware, there has been nothing said by the press. It will be readily seen by a glance at the map that in filling a gap with a road across the country from Atlanta to some point on the Columbia and Charlotte Road, the country would have an almost perfect air line railroad from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia, and so on to Washington city, and, indeed, the shortest possible route from New Orleans and Mobile to the large northern cities. To complete such a route with the lines of road already in existence and approaching completion, it is only required to fill up the gap from Atlanta to some suitable point on the Columbia and Charlotte road, a distance of about two hundred miles. To show more definitely the great gain in point of distance over any other possible route, we have been favored with the following statement by an eminent engineer:

Air Line Railroad from Atlanta via Anderson, S. C., Charlotte, N. C., Danville, Virginia, to Richmond.

Estimated distance, allowing 12½ per cent increase from sinuosities, Atlanta via Anderson, &c. to Richmond	523 miles.
Distance to Washington via same line to Danville, thence via Lynchburg and Alexandria	621 miles
Distance to Richmond via Augusta and Wilmington	700 miles.
To Washington same way	850 miles.

Add to each 25 miles for time consumed in passing breaks in line at Augusta and Wilmington, making them 725 and 855 respectively.

Advantage of air line in distance to Richmond say	200 miles.
Advantage of air line in distance to Washington, via Lynchburg	234 miles.
Distance from Atlanta to Washington via Dalton, Knoxville and Lynchburg	725 miles.
Do. via Anderson, Charlotte, &c.	621 miles.
Advantage in latter	104 miles.

It is seen, then, by this route 200 miles of distance is saved over the route by Wilmington and 104 miles over the route by Knoxville, when that route shall be opened thereby saving on this nigh cut 104 miles over any other route ever possible to be had.

Whenever a charter shall be obtained and a company organized, such are the advantages and the promise of remuneration to stockholders that all difficulty in obtaining the necessary capital for its construction will be easily surmounted. No road in the country can show a surer guarantee of a profitable return. On the cheering return, then, of good crops throughout the country it is proper for this enterprise to receive attention.—Touching the adjacent interests of Georgia and South Carolina, it will traverse a large section of each State, thickly populated, and abounding with large mineral and vegetable resources, and which are as yet without a railroad and likely to remain so except for this line. By the construction of a besides the large counties it would traverse in Georgia, the counties of Lumpkin, Forsyth and Gilmer, would be enabled to be furnished with a branch, and an outlet to the right and left. Athens also would receive encouragement to construct a branch, thereby, stimulating enterprise and production in these and other adjoining counties, and increasing thereby the business of this and other roads already built. In South Carolina it would cross the Rabun Gap or the Blue Ridge road and the Spartanburg road, and operate to the mutual benefit of all. The only interest in upper Georgia with which it might seem to come in conflict is that of the Georgia Railroad. But even this road, taking the past influence and effect of roads in Georgia as a guide, would suffer no real detriment. It is to be hoped, therefore, in these promising and hopeful times, that the people immediately interested in such a road will consider the matter and take such steps as will secure a charter for it both in Georgia and South Carolina. A word to the wise is sufficient. Atlanta is deeply interested in the matter, and will doubtless stand ready to take a part in the enterprise.

How to Make one Farm Equal to three.

In a recent address by G. T. Stewart, Esq. before the Ohio Agricultural Society, he thus speaks on this subject:

Many farmers are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow work. As they find that their crops are diminishing they think only of extending their acres of surface, as if they supposed their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields, they will soon realize in three fold crops the act that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had only one; in other words, that the subsoil, brought up and combined with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will teach to apply to their ground, will increase three fold the measure of its productiveness.

To show to what extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to a statement in the last Patent Office Report. In the year 1850, there were nine competitors for the premium corn crops of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated ten acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time, the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvest of Great Britain on soil cultivated for centuries was about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeaver by every means in their power to onrich their ground and in turn it enriches them. If our farmers instead of laboring to double their acres, would labor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and soil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging 10 inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hidden in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold without the aid of dreams or divination.

We have great advantage over British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivated in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants hiring the land of the nobility paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to the government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been able to pay three fold wages for labor to those in Europe, and the cost of transportation and yet undersell the British farmers in their own market.